

Anidumbpeople Four

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Summary: The Importance of being Chester. Recommended by four out of five dental hygenists.

Anidumbpeople Four

> <meta name="Author"> Exclamation! It's....Anidumbpeople.
Anidumbpeople 4: The Importance of being Chester

Designed to offend EVERYONE!

Disclaimer: HAHAAHAH! We're using copyrighted Scholastic characters without permission, and there 'aint nothing you can do about it, lawyer boys! Come get us, if you feel ballsy enough! But I bet you don't have the guts, *thhhhpppppttt*

Guardian's Note: Jeff Sampson, Chee, offence is intended!
>*laughs manically* <p>

This Anidumbpeople was brought to you by the colour B'orange and the letter Gladwrap.

Originally for Michael Le, but then we discovered the bastard wasn't dead so all the fake mourning was for nothing.
>_____ <p>

'Yeerky Milk, yeerky milk, ooh, I love-'
>Chester was in his room, listening to his only CD. He had picked it up in a shop called 'Marcoworld' for only three Marcodollars. The odd thing was, it was playing without a CD player. But Chester didn't mind the same song being played over and over and over and over and over and over again.
'Yeerky milk!'
>Suddenly, the song restarted, and Chester lost concentration and fell off the ceiling. His furniture was all glued on the ceiling, and he only stayed on by his practicing the art of Chester-Don-Tao.

'Mickeyroonyachtungbaby!' he cried, and under the ancient art of Chester-Don-Tao Chester's head detached and flew toward a convenient

cardboard target that had popped sideways out of Chester's inflatable dog.

>The head flew in the opposite direction of the target with great accuracy. The target, being confounded by this, spontaneously combusted. Chester grinned a grin so great it blinded a neighbour - his martial art was so deadly.
Suddenly, there was a great flash of cliché'd light in his room. Chester stopped, dropped, and puked, as he had been taught to do.

>'Aaah!' Chester screamed in a girly manner. He ran outside, straight into Jake.
'What happened this time, Chester?' Jake asked in a bored voice.

>'There was a LIGHT! In my ROOM!'
'Well. You know, sometimes, when we flick the light-switch in our rooms, Chester, light comes. It's nothing to be afraid of. It's a natural occurrence,' Jake said kindly.

>'No! Come look! C'mon!' Chester grabbed Jake by the leg and dragged him upstairs. Then he peeped through the door. 'Jake, what are those two webmasters doing?'
Jake looked in and saw Michael Le and Jeff Sampson in a passionate embrace. He closed the door and knelt down by Chester. 'I'm sorry you had to see that, Chester. That was a vengeful plotpoint. Obviously, someone annoyed the author. I'm sure if we just sit quietly they'll go away.'

>But the plotpoint was over, so Chester and Jake went back into the room. <p>

* * *

>
You Know Where It Is

* * *

> <p>Visser Three was running around his room making aeroplane noises. He loved making aeroplane noises and made them every time he possibly could.
Brrrrrrmmm! Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr-AAAAHHH! Drrrrrrrrrrrrrr! Lllllrrrrrrrrrr! >

>However, only Visser Three was allowed to make aeroplane noises. The Hoot and Jeers and the Taxmen looked in mournfully through the window to his office, but they were never allowed, not they!
'This is no fun,' said the Taxmen.

>'Our day is done!' said the Hoot-and-Jeers.
'Look at the sun!' said a small, orange robot said, jumping in.

>'We have to run!' they all said. The Hoot-and-Jeers struck poses.
'Because we're....'

>The orchestra started up.
'We're happy happy happy happy happy Hoot-and-Jeers!

>We like good old-fashioned fun and low alcoholic beers!
'We're the happy happy happy happy happy Hoot-and-Jeers!

>And we look quite stupid cause we haven't any ears!'
There was a lot of clapping and someone handed the main Hoot-and-Jeer a Grammy.

>The Taxmen pushed in front.
'We are the Taxmen, and happy is our lot!

>We run around upon the ground and we eat-'
CRUNCH

>The orange robot was eaten.
'-quite a lot! Oh, we're the happy Taxmen, and happy is our song!

>We will sing and dance and eat all the good day long!'
More clapping and more Grammys.

>Everyone danced around in a line, and the robot poked his head out of the Taxman.
'Friend, find, look beh-'

>The Taxman ate him again.
'So, we're the Taxman and the

Hoot-and-Jeers, how happy is our daaaaayyy!
>And because our song is finished, we must now go awayyyy!'

Visser Three pushed a button and they were all sucked out the
airlock; thus they left that happy ship for ever.

IN MARCO'S ROOM

Marco was lying down on his bed, as he was apt to do at night. Out of
absolutely nowhere came three All-Knowing, All-Seeing, and
All-Peeling heads.

>'Keen beans!' he explained.
 We are the All-Knowing, All-Seeing,
and All-Peeling Heads, Marco, > one explained.

>'I know. I saw you on TV. Can you really dice, slice and peel in
three different ways?'
'Why, yes,' said the third head. 'We can
also grant you twenty wishes.'

>'Twenty wishes? For me?' Marco squealed.
'Yes, for you!'

> And guess what, we're the ghosts of dead people, > said the
first again.
'Wowee! My heart rate is at it's fullest!' Marco now
guessed the identities of the three heads.

Elfhelpler-Signalflare-Shameful was the first, Hollywood Hair Ken the
second, and Joe Blob Rice-Risotto the third.

>'Hold on one cotton-pickin' moment,' Marco said, thoughtfully. 'Joe
Blob, you're not dead.'
'Are too,' Joe Blob said.

>'Are not!'
'Are too too too!'

> Okay, that's enough! > Elfhelpler said. Marco has made a POINT.
>
'He has? Godammit!' Joe Blob floated off to the land where
everyone wore Floating Head badges and thus could see him, poke him,
and stuff rutabagas up his nostrils.

>Hollywood Hair Ken's hair grew purple stars.
'I only get one
wish? Ooh, no fair!' Marco said angrily.

> Three heads, twenty wishes; two heads, one wish, > Elfhelpler
said somberly.
Hollywood Hair Ken doll's hair grew purple stars.

> Yes, I know I can't count or add or multiply. If I had, I could
have beaten those Yeerks! All my life, all I wanted to do was yell to
Visser Three, "four times four equals 16!" but no-one ever ****
taught me! I asked my mother, I asked my father, I even asked my wife
Lurex! But no-one heard my cry for help! My life is ruined, ruined!
>
'You're dead.'

> Oh, yes. I forgot. Sorry, Marco. > Elfhelpler turned back into a
rational Andalite. Now, what do you want to wish?>
Marco
rolled up the sleeves of his hot pink nightdress and pushed his
curlers out of his eyes. 'I wish Chester would go back to where he
belongs!'

>There was a sparkle of cheap sparkles and instead of confetti, there
were styrofoam pieces. The heads disappeared.
'Is it done?' Marco
yelled.

> Oh, yes. But be careful what you wish for! > Elfhelpler yelled.

There was a pause.

> Yes, Ken, I know I should've told him before.... >
With his
life's wish fulfilled, Marco reapplied his face mask and went back to
sleep.

> <p>

* * *

>
AD BREAK

NEW! Animorphs Home Nostril Hair transplant kit! It slices, it dices,
and it removes that nagging nostril hair! AS USED BY VISSER 9!

****DONE****

> <p>

* * *

>
Marco was awoken by a twinkie splatting with a splat against his face. He awoke to see a nasty looking Gedd armed with a twinkie gun.

>'AHHHH! Industrial waste twinkie mixture!'
Marco could feel the ooze slowly creeping up his nostrils, like in that movie.

>But what movie?
He couldn't remember.

>'Rrrr-Teenrage mutrrrrrant ninjrrrrra trrrrrrrrtles,' the Gedd responded helpfully.
'Ha! You're wrong, Gedd! It was Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles TWO! For that, and other petty misdemeanours, I sentence you to be banished to the land of wind and ghosts!' Chester supplied helpfully, bouncing into the room. In his hands he held a small lamp.

>The lamp began to whir, sucking the Gedd into it, who painfully cried and at the same time sang the tune from 'From Russia with Love'.
Marco, who had been busily removing the twinkie mixture with his portable nose hair vaccuum, jumped up from his bed, taking in the picture of Chester standing there with the lamp.

>'Ooooh.....the laummmmp...' Marco oohed. He didn't know why. Then he got angry. 'Chester! Why is it always you? Can't you just give me room to LIVE? Can't you see that i'm a human being too, with needs and wants who needs and wants to LIVE? You're crushing my emotional spirit!' Marco promptly had a weeping fit, until a large hippo waltzed on, gave him an emmy and waltzed off.
'An emmy?!?' he cried, his tears causing the emmy gold paint to peel.

>Chester, who had been standing there just standing there, gleefully took this moment to jump into some exposition.
'You've gotten stuck in Chesterworld! Your wish had a double meaning, because the Ellemist is merely using this world to teach you and the other Anidumpeople the Importance of being Chester. That and the true meaning of Christmas. After several bizarre encounters, one of which ends with me saving you, you'll realise I wasn't such a pain after all and go back home and we'll all have learnt today's moral - don't lick the car right after its been hotwaxed.' After that splurge of exposition, Chester collapsed and didn't get up for a few hours. Marco took this time to do a full perm and facial.

>Chester woke up on the floor of Marco's bedroom in Chesterworld.
'Lets go! We have to go and find the other Animorphs in Chesterworld, so we may start on our quest for a car to lick.'

>'No!' screamed Marco. 'Do you know why we can't?'
'No,' Chester answered.

>Marco walked to his closet and opened it with a bang. 'That's why!'
Chester looked in and saw Michael Le and Jeff Sampson in a passionate embrace. 'Has this got something to do with the birds and the bees?' he asked hopefully.

>Marco shook his head and shut the door. 'Don't be silly, Chester. What has birds and bees got to do with webmasters in the closet?'
'Well, Rachel told me that they were making babies.'

>Marco laughed heartily. 'Hahahahah! Babies come from the baby factory, stupid.'
'Oh. I knew that!'

>Marco's eyes immediately grew misty, and he clasped himself with wonder. 'Oh, Chester, I do want a baby one day. And I'll name

it..... Mitch..... and it'll be the prettiest pig at the fair!'

'The prettiest pig at the fair?' Rachel asked, sticking her head out of the closet.
>'Hell, yeah! A mighty fine pound of bacon, Mitch'll be. Heyas, Rachel! You down there comin' outta the closet?' Marco asked, suddenly changing accents.
'Yeah,' said Rachel, stepping out fully. 'It's a little cramped in there what with Mike, Jeff and the three little pigs.'
>'They think THEY'RE the prettiest pigs at the fair,' Marco said jealously.
Sensing trouble, a large marshmallow floated into the room, told Marco to stop this ridiculous line of questioning and continue asking the witness relevant questions, then flew down a nearby grotesque.

Rachel, Marco and Chester stepped out of the front door of Marco's house in Chesterworld. At least, Marco and Rachel did - Chester oozed out with a splurging sound.

>'OOooooooooOooooOoooh...." Marco breathed. ' I always knew i'd end up in disneyland one day!'.
'You dolt! Does this look like Disneyland to you?' She pointed across the street. 'Since when do firehydrants dance with floating toupes in Disneyland?'. Rachel glared at Chester.

>Chester smiled in pain.
'Allright, ooze-boy, what the hell is wrong with this place?', she demanded.

>Chester looked hurt. He gave himself a stab wound for emphasis. 'There isn't anything wrong. I like my world! You just want all the Iron Brew for yourself, don't you? DON'T YOU?!?'. Chester jealously ran inside his house and emerged ten minutes later with a huge safe.
'You'll never get my Iron Brew!' he cried.

>Rachel decided that she'd never shave again. <p>

The trip to where Jake, Axelrose, Tobias and another guy called Sweg waited. Rachel decided not to ask why they were all in the same place, nor why Jake was wearing only a towel. Sweg was singing the 'No Scrubs' Song.

>'Ahhhh! I don't want No scrub!'. Marco kicked Sweg really hard in the Upper python ligament, and Sweg ran home to his mama.
'Jake, who was that guy?' Rachel demanded again. She was feeling a bit like that today.

>'Don't ask me, Rachel. I started taking a shower, only to find that the shower spits jelly babies, not water. I've got bruises all over my back!'. True enough, he did.
Marco giggled like a schoolgirl and towel-whipped Jake, who squealed and dropped his own towel off his body, causing everyone in a one-mile radius to go blind.

>'Aaaaaaaaahhh! The triffids, the triffids!' Chester yelled.
But the person who came down the street was not a triffid. It was....

>A triffid!
Aaaagh! A triffid, a triffid! > Tobias shrieked.

>But the triffid decided it had an appointment with it's gynaecologist and went away.
I believe that was a triffid, > Ax stated the obvious.

>'Of course it was a triffid, you silly silly Andalite!' said Jake, rolling his eyes.
Oh, poo, > said Axelrose.

>Rachel grabbed her mallet and whacked him with it. 'Stop being a potty-mouth!'
Ax was on the verge of telling her he didn't have a mouth when he looked up at the horizon and saw a gorgeous female Andalite bounding toward him. A nearby plant broke into song.

>'The HILLLLLLLLLSSSS are alive, with the sound of MUSSSSICCCC!'

Tobias, who'd been paying attention for the last few
anidumbpeople fics, knew what that meant.
> Ahhh! That spunky female Andalite will fall in love with Axelrose,
have kids and contribute to the 'next generation' Anidumbpeople fics!
We have to stop it! >
He glanced at Chester, who was busy
singing a duet with the plant.
> Chester, stop that and listen to me. This is your world, right?
>
Chester grinned a grin so grand, it sparked an advertisement
campaign. 'Why, it sure is!'.
> And everything in this world is some sort of bizarre representation
of how your mind works, right? >
'Gorsh mister, you're on the
ball today!'.
>Marco began to wail. 'He's affecting stupid accents and insulting
us, Tobias! We have to end it now!'. Fortunately, Marco spied a
chrome plating shop across the street and gazed at it while Tobias
and Chester finished their diatribe.
 If this is your
representation, what is SHE doing here? > Tobias demanded, motioning
toward the female Andalite.
>'You mean Clockradio-Bandaidd-Romancenovel? I wouldn't worry about
her. She's overly mushy for Ax's tastes,' Chester supplied, endowed
with a real brain for a brief moment.
 That doesn't fill me with
confidence, Chester....Ax doesn't have many dating options. Sappy or
not, she's a danger. >
>'No, Tobias, I mean really mushy....she's made out of marshmallow.
She's melting as we speak.'
Tobias gaped over at where Ax stood,
still trying to make small talk with a pile of melting bluish goo.

'Chester, when we get back to the real world, we're going to have a
long talk about you and potential brain surgery'. Jake was angry. Ax
had made him search for a small jar to scoop up some marshmallow in,
and he'd spent the last hour making conversation with the jar.

Visser Three was having a snooze when a trembling underling tapped
him on the shoulder. 'Uh, sir?'
>Visser Three made an attempt to cut his head off.
The underling
ducked before he could get decapitated, denominated or defenestrated.
'Sir! It's that time of the year again!'
>Visser Three woke up immediately. When we all get to get together
and eat cheese? >
'No.'
> When we discuss spandex? >
'No!'
> Oh... then.... wheel of Morality? >
The underling cowered as
V3 was sued by Warner Bros. 'No, sir, it's time to plan world
domination and be naughty!'
>Visser Three sighed. Again? >
'Again.'
> Oh, what'm I going to do this time? I'm all out of ideas! >
Visser Three began to pace. Should I steal the world's supply of
oxygen? Or blow up the sun? No, no, I'm always fouled by those stupid
kids and that dog of theirs! >
'Well, sir, what do people
love?'
> Sprinkles. >
'That's right! What kind of sprinkles do people
love?'
> Rainbow sprinkles! >
'Right again! So what should we steal?'

>Visser Three cut the underling's head off for real this time. I have
a cunning plan! I will steal the world's supply of rainbow sprinkles
out of the Rainbow mine! Once I have them everyone will bow down to
me as Master of the Universe! Ha! Hahahaha! Hahahaahahaha!

HAAHAHAHAHAHA! >
He laughed for about ten minutes with a closeup until the camera bonked him on the nose. Hey! He yelled, peering at the camera crew.
>Two teenage males were embracing on the chair. One of them sniffed. 'Can't we get any privacy, Mikey my sweet?'
'No can do, Jeffy my darling. The world is not ready for our love!'
>Visser Three took pity on the audience and killed them.
All of a sudden Grape Ape appeared on the floor through a plothole!
> Oh no! > Visser Three screamed. I'm sorry, Grape Ape! >

'Grape ape, grape ape,' Grape Ape wisely intoned.
> I'll never do it again! I promise! Have pity! >
'Grape ape.'

> Aaah! No! Mercy, master, mercy! > Visser Three fell to his knees, sobbing although he had no tear ducts. A big waltzing hippo waltzed on stage, handing out the third emmy of the episode.

Grape Ape disappeared, taking his three million.
>Visser Three turned towards his com screen, which was actually a TV screen that he had put in the wall. Put me through to Rainbrow Brite.
>
Rainbrow Brite's super-happy face came through on the screen.
> Aha! Rainbrow Brite! We meet at last! >
'We've met before, Mr Visser Three. You came to the Bakeoff that Strawberry Shortcake held.'
> Ah. You mean, 'We're gonna have a bakeoff, bakeoff, bakeoff'? >

'You got that right in one, mister!' Rainbrow Brite's happy-dappy face made
>a happy-dappy smile. Obviously she was related to that horrible member of the Animorphs with the stupid grin and the teeth.
Well. Anyway. I'm going to go down into your rainbow mine and steal all the sprinkles! >
>'Oh, no no no you won't!'
 Oh, yes yes yes I will! >
>'Won't, you horrible blue meanie!'
 Stupid colourblind fashion-freak, > Vissy Three shot back.
>'I know you are but what am I?'
 A stupid colourblind fashion-freak. >
>'I know you are but what am I?'
 A stupid colourblind fashion-freak! >
>Rainbrow Brite's little forehead creased, then she yelled, 'Takes one to know one!'
Visser Three was stunned, kind of like a stunned thing.
>He recovered quickly. For that insult, I will blow up the mine after I steal the sprinkles! Now, THAT'S evil! I want to know what the Council will say about that one! > V3 began to grumble to himself. Stupid council, say I take candy from babies, only one Gummy Bear-
>
'Oh, no! You won't!'
> I can and will! Nyah-nyah-nyah-nyah, I'm way ahead of you, Rainbrow Brite! See you in hell, candy-girl! >
Visser Three turned off the com screen, satisfied with himself. Now, this called for a celebration. He inserted his hoof into a molotov cocktail.*

*Note: Only molotov FLAVOURED. Hah! Like Vissy would ever do something so silly as to drink a real molotov cocktail!

'There was a hole! In the middle of the ground! The prettiest hole! That you ever did see...'
>Chester and the triffid busily sang a happy little song as they walked into Chesterland with the other Anidumbpeople.
'The hole in the ground and the green grass grew all around and around and the green grass grew all around!'
>'Jake', Marco started in a strained voice, 'tell me again why we're

stuck in a land not far removed in insanity from the planet of the Apes!'.
'I don't know if I want to answer that question, Marco. This place is conspiring against me'.

>As if by magic, a chittering band of conspirators appeared, only to be destroyed by evil Half-Rachel (who was making a cameo).
What I want to know is why we're walking around just waiting for something to happen. It's not as if whatever we're looking for is going to just come spilling over that hill over there >.

>Chester, who was dancing a tango with the triffid, paused to grin in a Chester-ish fashion. 'Oh, but it WILL! IT WILLLLLLL! AHAHAHAHAH!'.
And as if by magic, again, a little girl with Rainbow clothing came meandering over the hill.

>Jake looked with a stunned expression. They all did, in fact, until Rachel broke the silence.
'Well, well, well....if I wasn't trapped in the land of the freaks, i'd say that was Rainbow Brite!'. <p>

>The girl began to pipe up in an obnoxiously cute one. 'Oh, you look like nice people! Won't you please he--urk!'.
Jake gaped as Cassie hoisted the urchin into the air. 'Cassie, what are you doing?!?'. <p>

>Cassie's face was quivering with anger. 'This little....ecological disaster isn't going to get help from us!'.
Rainbow Brite merely tried to explain.

>'But please-'
'Don't "but" me! Look at you, you reject from the villains of 'Captain Planet!'. Mining the planet's non-renewable crystal resources, all for your own good!'. <p>

>'We don-'
'And then portraying it as a fun game! What about when the crystals run out, Britey? Gonna strip mine the place, you little geological rapist? Eh?'

>Chester started to ummm. 'Ummmm, Cassie, I think you better put her down...what she says is important!'.
Cassie, who'd got so angry laser beams from her eyes were melting into Brite's outfit, shoved the ridiculous creature to the floor.

>'Oooh...my head. You've got to help us! An evil guy called Vissey 3 is stealing our mines! Won't anyone please help us? Pleasepleaseplease?'.
Chester merely grinned s'more. 'Told you so'. He went back to composing a symphony with the triffid.

>'Cassie, you know I secretly harbour an unspoken love for you, but I'm going to have to overrule your wishes and say we help her'. For emphasis, he whipped out his 'I'm the leader' badge.
Cassie gaped, whilst Rachel merely looked snide. 'Well, that was unexpected'.

>'Don't get cocky, just because your romance with bird-boy is out in the open' Marco interjected.
Who are you calling a Bird...oh, wait... >.

>'Don't get jealous now, Marco' Rachel added.
Ax took his mind off his jar of melted love interest and decided to stop this. I suggest that we all stop bickering about silly relationships and destroy Visser 3 >.

>'Ax, you're no fun anymore'. Chester sighed. <p>

The Taxman's head made a funny sound as it hit the pile of sprinkles, the kind of sound Scrooge McDuck made when he dived into his moneybin.

> And if anyone ELSE wants to comment about how good that last bit of music was, they can also be shortened >.
Visser 3 was having a bad day. He'd been unable to find an Orchestra that would work for Taxman limbs, so he'd been forced to give instruments to the Hoot-and-Jeers. They'd tried hard, but all they could play was that

horrible rendition of 'Pop goes the Weasel'. So much for Wagner's 'Ride of the Valkyries'.
>He was broken out of his thoughts by a Hoot-and-Jeer, who had started gnawing on the Euphonium he'd been given.
 Blast it! I'll pay for the stereo system! >

'Woowoowoowoowooo, woo woowoooo woow,' Chester and the Triffid howled. 'Wooo wooo woo woo woo woo WOOOO woowoo!'
>Everyone was suddenly dressed in the Wild Wild West costumes and Chester and the Triffid were singing what they thought was Wild Wild West music.
'Don't be silly!' Marco yelled, pushing to the front. 'That's not Wild Wild West music!'
>'gee gorsh golly mister, what IS wild wild west music?!'
Marco began Strolling Through the Wild Wild West. 'Ooh yeah when I stroll into de Wild Wild West! when I roll into the Wild Wild West! ooh yeah the Wild Wild West!'
>Will Smith suddenly appeared out of nowhere, and shot Marco, so that was the end of him!
'And the morrrrral of this Story Is, CAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEE!'
The rest of the Anidumbpeople sighed and began approaching some convenient hills.
A Taxman quickly placed a stereo in front of them and then ran off.
>'Watch out! IT COULD BE A BOMB!' Jake posed in a big leader-type way and flung himself down on the stereo, conveniently pressing down the 'Play' button.
Wagner's Flight of the Valkyries began spewing out.
>A papier-mache float shaped like an elephant began to be pushed over the hills, Vissy Three on top of it dressed in a Viking hat. Hoot-and-Jeers and Taxmen began streaming down the hills.
'OH MY GOD!' Jake wept. 'It's another Alamo! It's another Alamo! Run for the hills!'
>'We're in the hills, Jake,' Cassie reminded him.
'Then run the other way!'
>'That'd lead into the sea!'
'Hey, wait...i've got a better idea!'
>Jake strode out to meet Visser Three, who was still playing Viking.
'You're a cheap movie ripper-offer, you cheap movie ripper-offer!'
>The assembled Taxmen and Hoot and Jeers OOOOOOH'd at Jake's cutting insult.
Quiet, fools!. Well, puny Andalite, we meet again! Prepare to meet your destiny! >
>'No! I challenge you to a Pokemon battle!' <p>

Vissy Three glared down at Jake. So you want to be a POKEMON master?!
>

>'Yes! I want to be the very best! Like no-one ever was!'

'Chester, I choose you!'
>Chester obligingly ran into the centre of the Pokemon arena which had just appeared.
Visser Three laughed long and loud. Ho! Ho! Ho! What a pathetic pokemon you have there! Taxman, I choose you! >

>Chester was stung. 'I'm the man who shot Liberty Valance!'
'But he was the BRAVEST of them all,' the taxman spoke up.
>Jake put on his superhero cape and pulled his cap back in slow motion. 'Quiet, you! Chester, razor leaf!'
Chester stood there looking embarrassed.
>'Chester?'
'I dunno razor leaf, nee housy housy.'
>'Errr.... doubleslap?'
'Nope.'
>'Aw, crap! Don't you know ANYTHING?!'
'Of course I do! DROOL ATTACK!' Chester began rampantly drooling on the Taxman.

>'AHHH! I'm melting, I'm melting! Oh, what a world what a world!'

'Yeah! I beat the Taxman!' Jake's voice suddenly got whinier and higher.
> I let you win! > Visser Three's voice got just as whiny and high.
'Did not!'
> You're a loser-boy! >
'Are not!'
> You are too! Grandpa likes ME best! >
'Only because you killed Mamma!'
> Mamma was an idiot! >
'Mamma was a hamster!'
> And I ate her! Muahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahha! >

'What? I thought you threw her from the train.'
>The Anidumbpeople all looked at one another, decided that both were clinically insane, and decided to run away. But before that could happen...
The hoot-and-jeers suddenly wailed. 'Oh, no! Mews one-through-seven are arriving overhead!'
>And sure enough.... they WERE.
Mew, the original pokemon. Mewtwo, the evil clone. Mewthree, the merchandising pokemon. Mewfour, the rastafarian pokemon. Mewfive, our last, best hope for peace. Mewsix, whose name sounded like a cereal. And Mewseven - Liberty Valance!
>'Hey, I shot you!' protested Chester. 'It ain't no fair if you ain't daid.'
'Daid! Me no daid! Me Liberty Valance!'
>'Me shoot you through the hiney!' Chester began to morph into a gun.
Starscream ran onto the set and picked him up.
>'Ooh! Shiny!' Marco began to examine his blackheads in the shiny armour of Starscream.
Mewseven began to advance towards Starscream. 'Me mewseven going to give you smesh in the bollors!'

>'Oh no! Not with them special pants!' The gun suddenly was wearing pants.
'Hoy holloy! Me want them pants!' Mewseven looked at the gun threateningly.
>Starscream suddenly realized how attractive Mewseven was and they both went on a date. However, Mewseven could tell that Starscream was Only After One Thing and dumped him after one week, claiming that I Didn't Know You Didn't Know I Was Gay.
With the absence of Starscream, Chester was left to rot in the mud.
>'Still, ees better then smesh in the bollors,' Jake exfoliated.
The rest of the Anidumbpeople looked at each other.
>'You know, I think I don't want my contract any more,' Cassie said.
Nor me... I want to settle down with my money and maybe have a family. Two kids. Both dinosaurs! Dinosaurs! Heh, heh, heh. >

>Rachel looked at Tobias funny and shrugged. 'I don't really want to be in Anidumbpeople any more.'
It killed my girlfriend! > Ax pouted, holding up his blue jar of crud.
>'We'll BE YOUR GIRLFRIENDS!' screamed his fan club from their spacial distortion.
Ax threw away his jar of crud. Okay. >

>Meanwhile, the Mews had left to start a comedy spinoff series and Visser Three surreptitiously pushed another Taxman into the ring.
Jake decided to use Chester's most powerful attack to end it right there and then, so he could win his Yeerk badge.

>'Pssst....Chester, what's your most powerful attack?'
'Do you REALLLLLLLLLLLY want to know?', Chester asked oilily. Ax slipped on a puddle of oil Chester extruded.
>'YES', the Anidumbpeople chorused.
'Alllllllrightly then!' Chester replied.
>Swirling light began to dance round Chester, much like an Andalite dancing after he's trod in a puddle of Vodka.
And just like that,

a shiny car appeared in the middle of the scene.
>Marco grinned and a lightbulb appeared over his head. He jumped onto the car.
'ooooh, this car is systematic - '
>Ax quickly disposed of him.
'No no no!' Chester squealed.
'That's not how you do it!'
>Marco's dead body skulked off.
Suddenly one of those hotwax thingies appeared out of nowhere and squirted hot wax out onto the car. As erotic as this was, nobody moved.
>Finally the happy little hotwaxer finished its job and went back to Hotwax space.
 Ooooooh..... Shiny, > Visser Three offered.

>Sweat began to drip down the Taxman's forehead. It didn't help that he didn't have one.
 However, as shiny as this is, he cannot stop my Taxman's most powerful attack! >
>The Taxman burst out in a cold sweat... or at least a tepid sweat.

 Taxman, Go! >
>The taxman didn't budge.
 Taxman, didn't you hear me?! >

>Suddenly, with a despairing cry, the Taxman flung itself upon the car and began to lick it. Then it melted.
The rest of the Taxmen and Hoot-and-Jeers followed, screaming the words to 'Believe' by Cher.
> NO! NO! DO NOT GIVE IN! >
Chester began to do the Endzone dance.
>Soon, Vissy Three's entire army was obliterated! <p>

* * *

> <p>Visser Three was gripped with despair, until he started hacking at it and it let him go.
 Well, Andalite bandits. It appears I have let you escape with your lives, but only your lives, again! But since today is role-playing day and I'm meant to be Goho the Merciful, I shall let you go! >.
>With that, he rode off into the sunset to the tune of 'Rawhide'.

'Well.....that would seem to end that' Tobias offered.
> I feel somewhat strange and incomplete, Prince Jake. Perhaps you should end this with 'Sailor Jake says! >'.
Jake, kitted out replete with Fuku, glanced directly at the camera.
>'Remember kids, Sailor Jake says:
 'We all learned a lot today, didn't we? We saw that no matter how badly Visser Three treated his Taxmen friends, they always came back to him in the end. Because that's what friends do. We also saw how Ax got over his trouble, because his friends always came back to him, and were tolerant of his race/religion/creed/sexual tendencies/new car, and were there for him. Because that's what being a tolerant friend is all about. And we saw that Slimey, that poor misunderstood KKK lackey, all he needed was some love and his .22, because thats what friends do.'
>With that, Chester slapped Jake a bit and ended his monologue, and embarked upon one of the few intelligent things he was ever to say.

'My Fellow Americans,'
>He was interrupted by the arrival of the three heads. Again.
As Jake mulled over the greatest monologue he had ever done, the head of Elfhelper-Signalflare-Shameful smiled benevolently down at Chester, even though he had no mouth. Well done, my son. >
> I'm your son, > Tobias protested.
 No you're not. >
> Yes I am! Look at me! >
 You're a bird! >
> And you have something against birds, do you? >
 Of course not, your mother made a great shag. >
>Somewhere far away, one of the Singing Dancing Hoot-and-Jeers banged a drum.
Rachel shuddered.

>Chester smiled happily at all three heads. 'Keen beans Mr Heads, can you get us home?!'
Hollywood Hair Ken's hair got purple stars.

> What do you mean Hollywood Hair Ken, you say we've ALWAYS had the power to go home? > Ax asked.
 No, he said the sun was exploding again, > Elfhelper explained.

>And indeed it was.
'Quick! Quick! Get us home, you idiots!'

> Why, Jake, you've always had the power to go home! Simply click your heels three times and say, 'Fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, duzzy- >
Hollywood Hair Ken grew purple stars on his head in a distinctly sniggering way.

> Shut up! Shut up! I've been practicing this for weeks! I can do it! Fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, duzzy-okay, okay, I get the picture. >
The baby in the sun began to glare and growl, signifying that it was going to explode.

>'Oh, for the love of Timothy Jones!' Marco squealed.
The anidumbpeople screamed, though why they did not know. Where, they could not say. How, they could only speculate.

>Jake, suddenly realising he was going to have to do this or die, started the getting home-thing. He began clicking his heels desperately, sounding like a Riverdance reject.
 Quick, Jake, say the words! > Tobias yelled, hoping that if Jake didn't Rachel would tear her clothes off in misery.

>'Fuzzy duck, fuzzy duck, fuzzy - hey, ow!'
'We've got the Animorphs, we've got the Animorphs, yes yes yes we DOOOOOOOO!'

>Oh yes, they had returned from Reno, to seek their revenge. The Dancing Singing Hoot-and-Jeer were making their comeback, although this time, they were dressed in matching pink boleros.
A net was over Jake's head, the kind you buy to catch butterflies although they never fly in, no matter how much low-sugar honey you smear on it. No, they never fly in. Damn them. Damn them to hell.

> Oh F*ck, > Ax said calmly.
Marco awoke with a sudden yelp, his brow clammy and sweat pouring off him. His father, who was downstairs when the sweat started rotting the floorboards, rushed into his room.

>'Oh, Dad! I was having a nightmare! I dreamt that I was stuck in a strange world, and then I was attacked and then the sun was going to explode!'
'I hate to break it to you Marco, but you've still got a problem.'

>'What?'
'THIS is just a dream. You're still stuck in Chesterworld!'

>With that, Marco's dad's head started to swell, until it exploded and-
Marco awoke with a yelp, Rachel's shoe about to crush his neck.

>'Marco, you idiot, this is no time for a nap! The sun is exploding!'
Marco noticed that Rachel was wearing steel-capped boots, but this was no time to admire his luscious looks in them.

>'This could be really helpful but I'm stuck in a NET! A NET DAMMIT! It could've been a box, but a NET!'
The Hoot-and-Jeers were dancing around Jake happily, much like the Spice Girls in 'Viva Forever'.

> Maybe the Flying Nun can save us! > Ax remarked.
'Ummm, no.....'

>Jake then realised something.
'Chester, if this world is merely a construct of your mind, what would normally happen when the sun explodes isn't going to happen this time, is it?'

>Chester managed to look smug and bisected at the same time.
And with that, the sun exploded.

>Visser Three suddenly found himself wearing a Versace hat and was back with the Anidumbpeople, which was remarkably horrid.
Marco a

Versace Dress.

>Tobias some of Princess Margaret's best summer wear...
Rachel was suddenly enveloped in the Largest Wig in the World.

>The Hoot-and-JeerTaxman army of Visser Three was dipped in Lemon and salt, like a giant marguirita.

>Jake, dressed as Humphrey Bear, started banging his head against a nearby pole.
'I. Want. To. Go. Home'.

>And suddenly, all and every single one was locked in the non-alcoholic beverages closet of the closet 7-11. <p>

* * *

> <p>Only freed after four hours, when Mr. Chapstick came to buy his daily bottle of Slime, the Anidumbpeople stumbled out into the world, dizzy and sick at heart (like normal.)
Chester, who had survived his hours by drinking more non-alcoholic alcohol than is healthy, was happily grinning at the other anidumbpeople, as if to remind them that this had been HIS adventure. HIS! Didn't they understand?!? HISS!

>Jake looked back quickly, only to see Visser Three escaping into the distance with 18 kegs of 'Lorenzo's Oil'.
'Well, we can let him be for now.....I guess'. Hearing these words, the sunset immediately moved behind Jake.

>Rachel looked at Chester, then at Jake. 'Anidumbpeople huddle!' she hissed.
They all huddled together, which Tobias was very happy to do (being in human morph).

>'We have to get rid of Chester's morphing powers. It's the only way to end this silliness,' she stated.
'Yeah! How do we do it, Ax?'

> Hmmmm...well, besides asking the three Heads we encountered earlier, the only way to do so would be for me to get a hold of an NescafeboleroLatteotron, and treat it with a subharmonic liquid ice-cream maneuver >.
Tobias gulped, which was hard for a bird. 'And where do we find one of these?'

>'Our best bet would be to ask Eric the Creep if his Perminglite masters left such a device with them. But the chances of that are indeed remote'.
Cassie, who suddenly felt neglected, quickly glanced at next-week's script. 'Hey, it says there is a Perminglite Salon Ship somewhere in the Ocean, conveniently near to here.....'

TO BE CONTINUED....

> <p>

* * *

>
Will Jake, Cassie, Marco, Tobias, Ax, Rachel and Marco again ever rid themselves of the incredible nuisance that IS Chester? Will Tobias ever find his mother? Will Marco ever find his mother? Does Eric the Creep really drink nothing but Speights? What is Visser Three doing with Lorenzo's Oil? And will Ash ever become a Pokemon master? Find out in-

> Anidumbpeople IV - the Voyage Home
 Coming soon to a theatre near YOU!

> <hr>

I don't understand. I don't even have lips. Why can't I do this?! >

>Hollywood Hair Ken's hair grew stars as he and Elfhelper floated along on a cornfield.
 Hah! I used to be able to! I won an award

for it! I was in the Andalite Olympics! Fuzzy duck! Fuzzy duck! Fuzzy duck! Duzzy - damnit! >
>Both heads suddenly emerged into a space in the cornfield to find two young men in a passionate embrace. One looked up, sighed and rolled his eyes, helping the other up. 'This isn't working, Jeffy-bear! Let's go onto the set of Dawson's Creek.'
They wandered off.
>Elfhelper looked at Hollywood Hair Ken.
Hollywood Hair Ken's head grew many, many purple stars.
>Elfhelper laughed heartily. Oh, Hollywood Hair Ken, you always know exactly what to say!>
And they both floated off into the sunset, but got concussions when they hit the backdrop.

THE END

A note from the Authors:

Piett - Thus completes the fifth installment of this bizarre series. We didn't intend for it to become a serial, but people liked the first one so much we felt obliged.***

Now we feel as if the stories themselves feel tired.***

Guardian - You can only use so many cliches once. And we've run out of things to plagerize. And that ad with the polar bear eating the Winner Taco went off the air.***

Piett - I cried for six months over that.***

Guardian - And you know, one day, the authors of all those fanfics we ripped off are going to come screaming at us. And the AniTV cast. And Jeff Sampson and Michael Le (bless his evil little heart in heaven).***

Piett - and whilst me and my trust pogo stick are good, we aren't that carnage-oriented.***

Anyway, the point is, we only want to keep on writing these things if people are going to ENJOY them. They won't forever. That'd just be weird.***

Therefore, if you want to see these continue, email us (cmuir@ihug.co.nz). If you also want us to stop writing these and burn in hell, email us.***

Guardian - Money would be nice too. There would be an entire claymation version of 1.5 if Piett hadn't spent that last five bucks on pepper gum.***

Piett - That was money well spent! I won Vietnam with that pepper gum! That Ho Chi Min didn't look so tough with his eyes watering! HAHAA!***

Oh, and if you're reading this after 31/12/2000, don't email us! We'll probably have made up our minds well before then :P.

End
file.